



The Dreaming Scrolls



👁 43 ✓ 2 ★ 3

Chapter 1 by windfox

Crushed petals of star lotus, seven drops of fawn's blood, ash of a sacred white oak struck by lightning, the shimmering dust off a sapphire empire moth's wings and amethyst infused rain water gathered from the peak of the Crystal Mountains. The young scribe carefully mixes her ingredients in a finely carved stone pot, creating the magical twilight colored ink that swirls within. It had taken her months of roaming the forests alone to gather correct ingredients. It had cost her dearly as she now hobbles about on a fractured leg that will never mend correctly. Still, this would be worth it. This ink would be her greatest work of magic to date.

A rich leather vellum lays upon her writing table. The deerskin had been dried and stretched and worked until it was as thin as paper and as soft as butter. The expense of vellums like these could easily put a king in debt because of their quality and rarity. The monks at the Ravenbrook Monastery work tirelessly to create the exquisite pieces, which were often used in the art of map making and book binding for the royal family.

Korvinna's heart races with excitement as she dips her feather quill into the dark ink. She carefully dabs away excess liquid on the lip of the stone pot. The sigils begin to take shape on

the vellum, creating an intricate pattern that would open up magical gateways to the Dreaming worlds. The Scribe had trained her hand for years on this delicate work, mentored by Elder Damius Silverdin a renowned mage of the Northvale Mages. If he were still alive, Korvinna is certain he would be chiding her for being too slow and magic begins to glow through the markings on the scroll.

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Chapter 2 by Russell soup



Suddenly a gateway opens before her eyes. Instead of a parallel dimension though, there was a wooden table with a strange looking box on it. It was in a large white room with windows that lead out to extremely even grass. The table has four chairs under it. A woman in very strange clothes walked up to the table, completely oblivious to the ancient being watching in awe as she placed three plates with steaming food on the table. A small child then ran up and sat down at the plate closest to the box and tried to reach the what looked like levers on the box. An adult male then walked up and pressed something and the box lit up with black and white shapes of small people and objects. Korvinna jumped away from the scroll and the gate closed. "What have I just witnessed?" she said aloud.

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The first thing she would do is untangle the curse that had been placed upon his family.

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